Lewis Miller, President of the Lake Chautauqua (N. Y.) Society, says that when the society was first formed its ground was worth about $200 an acre, and the cottages, together with the buildings belonging to the association, did not amount to more than $4000 or $5000. The value of the Chautauqua grounds at present is about $500,000, and there are yet unsold about $80,000 worth of lots valued at from $250 to $500 each. The management intends to erect permanent buildings in the future. The first graduating class numbered but 700, the next year 1500, and this year it is 3000.

The last Harvard College bulletin shows that our American colleges have counted some long-lived men among their graduates. Nathan Birdseye, a graduate of Yale, lived to be more than 103 years old; the Rev. John Sawyer, of Dartmouth, was also over 103 when he died; he received from his college the degree of D. D. at the age of 102; Judge Timothy Farrar, of Harvard, lived to be over 101, and received the degree of LL. D. on the completion of his hundredth year. M. Chevreul, the French chemist, who recently died in his one hundred and third year, had also received a degree from Harvard College.

The suggestion that the Postoffice Department should issue twenty-five cent, fifty cent and $1 postage stamps is one, observes the Baltimore *Sun*, which will doubtless meet with general favor among business men. Many foreign letters and packages, it is stated, are mailed requiring stamps to the amount of $2 and upward, and considerable time is wasted in calculating the number of thirty cent and ninety cent stamps that are needed. With stamps of the denomination proposed the calculation would be much simpler, and the convenience, especially to the business community, would be sufficient to amply justify the new departure.

The New York *Herald* declares that this year's protracted rainfall, which led to the May cataclysm at Johnstown, is the most memorable physical phenomenon in American history. During July 9.63 inches of rain fell in New York city and 8.39 inches in Philadelphia. Eight inches, therefore, may be taken as a fair average of the midsummer month's fall over a belt of the Atlantic coast at least fifty miles wide and stretching from New York to Charleston—an area exceeding 30,000 square miles. Computed by avoirdupois this deposit from the clouds over this area is fourteen millions of tons, or more than seven times the mean discharge of the Lower Mississippi from all its outlets per day.

Slowly the great falls of the Niagara River, observes the New York *Tribune*, are changing in shape, through the eating away of the shale rock which underlies the hard rock that forms the bed of the rapids. It is almost a misnomer now to speak of the Canadian portion of the great cataract as the "Horseshoe Falls," and lately this designation has become more than ever misplaced in consequence of the recent fall of a large section of the bed rock in the very center of the falls. So much rock fell that an eddy below the falls near the Canadian side of the river has been narrowed more than half, and the little steamer, Maid of the Mist, has less difficulty than before in running into the curve of the falls.

New Jersey property-owners are considerably alarmed by the encroachments of the Atlantic Ocean upon valuable seaside land. It is a well-known fact that the New Jersey coast is gradually sinking, but the sea itself is also destructive. "That the heavy northeasterly storms of each passing winter," says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "are destroying the beaches along the whole coast-line from Sandy Hook to Cape May is exemplified by what has been seen by the naked eye during the last fifty years. In 1804, when Cape May was prominently known as a watering place, the beach extended 200 feet further into the ocean than it does to-day." The property-owners at Cape May recently held a conference to devise measures to protect their property.

Some time ago there was held in Atlanta a congress of delegates from all the counties in Georgia, to consider and discuss the subject of country roads, their importance and the best means of securing and maintaining them. After two days of deliberation the following recommendations were embodied in a memorial to the State Legislature: First—That the convicts of the State be utilized as far as possible. Second—That the labor of the State bear its fair proportion of the burden. Third—That the property of the State shall bear its fair proportion by an *ad valorem* tax. Fourth—That a large discretion be left to each county as to the amount and character of the work to be done. Fifth—That in any law that shall be framed the interest of the public shall bear against and not with the person in charge of the road work.

Strongest Man in the World.

Matt Kramer, of Putnam County, W. Va., who is supposed by men who know him to be the strongest man in the civilized world, is attracting attention far and near. One of his recent feats, in which almost superhuman strength is called into action, was witnessed only a few days ago by a number of the best citizens. He raised, apparently with the greatest ease, a huge pedestal weighing 1800 pounds, and held it aloft above his head for several seconds. Mr. Kramer is over six feet in height and tips the beam at 285 pounds.

A Summer Scene.

The panting cattle seek the shade,
The lazy swine the mire.
Along the hedge the sheep are laid
Like sacrifices for the blade
And hazy altar-fire.

The meadow-lark, with open bill
And weakened wing and tone,
Like one who's lost his force of will,
Is languid, drooping, sitting still,
Dishcartened, aimless, lone.

The tender germs of hidden seeds,
Unseen beneath the crust
Of the burnt earth and wilted weeds,
Wait for the coming rain that feeds
The life within the dust.

Now from behind the eastern hills,
Like dusky sails unfurled,
Dark clouds arise, the thunder thrills.
Sound like the grinding of the mills
That feed the hungry world.

O glorious bow in splendor rolled
Through the vast realm above!
Glowing in colors manifold—
Blue, crimson, violet, and gold;
In heaven a sign of love.

In sunlight, as the mist moves by
Where the dim clouds were riven,
Upon the blue wall of the sky
A promise and a prophesy
In sacred scrip are given.

God wields with mercy and with might
The flashing bolt—His rod.
Behold the brilliant arch of light!
The colored bow that greets our sight
Is the autograph of God.

—*George W. Bungay in Frank Leslie's.*

A SUMMER OUTING.

You never saw me look so well in my life? Really, I haven't felt as well for years, and it's all owing to my summer's outing—I gained ten pounds in a month.

Where did I go? Not to Saratoga, Long Branch nor the White Mountains; neither did I go visiting nor camping out. If you must know, I didn't go three miles from home.

I have always worked hard, for you know there is always enough to do in a family of children, and we couldn't afford much hired help. Every year I have felt that I was growing old fast, but I was never so sensible of it as last spring.

Somehow, I had lost all ambition as well as strength. Everything was a burden to me, every mole-hill of work looked like a mountain. I had no appetite, and though I was tired all the time, I couldn't sleep at all well nights. I was so nervous that everything worried me, and in John's shop across the street, the ringing of the anvil that I used to think so musical, seemed to beat every stroke on my brain.

People used to tell me, "You ought to go away and rest," but it isn't easy for the mother of a family to leave six children between the ages of three and thirteen, when every penny has to be counted twice before you use it.

Aunt Drusilla came to see us in the last of July.

"Now, Almira Crispin," she said before she had been in the house ten minutes, "I didn't come to make you any work. I've heard how poorly you was, and I must say you do look spindlin' enough; but I've come to help you. I'm agoin' to keep house and send you off somewhere."

John seconded the idea, but where should I go?

"Go out to Ohio and visit your sister," he suggested. "You never weat, and you've always wanted to go."

"I haven't the money nor strength to get ready, nor to go if I was ready," I said. "Moreover I don't feel like visiting anybody."

"That's what you don't," said Aunt Drusilla. "I know just how it is. You feel a good deal more like crawlin' into a hole, and then drawin' the hole in after ye!"

I acknowledged I did. "Even if I had all the money I wanted to use, I shouldn't feel like going to any place where I had to make an effort of any kind in the way of dress or conversation."

The talk drifted on to something else, but that very night an idea came to me, and in the morning I asked John if he would get a team and carry me up to the widow Smith's. She lives on a hill in the north part of the town, and I had heard that she was fixing up her house to take summer boarders. It is just such a place as city people like, breezy and sightly, and there are pleasant, romantic walks and drives in every direction. Somehow it was borne in upon me that it was just the place for me. I knew she had no boarders this year, but was preparing to take some next summer. How her eyes fairly stood out when I asked her if she would take me as a boarder for a month.

"Why, certainly, Mrs. Crispin," she said hesitatingly, and then I explained the matter.

"I want to be quiet and rest, and be waited on just the same as though I came from a thousand miles away. I don't want even to take care of my own room."

"It's just the thing," she said. "I want Horace and Mary Ann to have some sort of practice so they can wait on city boarders genteelly and I know you wouldn't mind if they were a little awkward at first."

So we arranged it in a few minutes. I was to have a large, sunny quiet chamber, with the liberty of the whole house and premises, and one or the other of the young people to take the team and carry me to ride whenever I wished, all for three dollars a week. And I was to come the very next day.

Rather short time to get ready for a month's outing, you might think, but it was all I needed. No new dresses make or anything,—it was restful just to think of it! I packed a small trunk with my best clothes, didn't even put in an apron of any sort, lest it should remind me of work, and that I wanted to forget. In the very bottom of the trunk I put a few pieces of fancy-work that I had begun at various times in years past and never had time to finish, though my fingers had often fairly itched to get hold of them as a relief from a tiresome monotony of patching and darning. Lately I had lost all ambition even for them, but I hoped I might feel differently after I was rested.

Next above them I put in books that had been in the house for years and I had never had time to read, also went over to the village library and selected a number more that I especially wanted. I sent to Boston a month's subscription for a daily paper, resolved, if I did nothing else to get read up on the events of the day. It makes a woman feel woefully rusty to have so many bright young minds growing up around her and asking questions which she cannot answer, from sheer lack of time to inform herself.

It was quite a scene when I came to start the next morning. I had never left my family for a week, before that, and the idea of my being gone a month, even if I wasn't going out of town, seemed as startling to them as if I were going to Europe. Truth to tell, it seemed almost the same to me, and I said to Aunt Drusilla:

"You must send for me if any of the children are sick, you know."

Aunt Drusilla is a born nurse and knows more than half the doctors. She only laughed and said:

"Not much! You're goin' away to rest, not to have the care and worriment of your family on your mind. But one thing remember—if I do send for you, git home as quick as you can, for you may be sure I consider 'em pretty awful sick."

The Smith family received me with as much deference as if I had been a lady from Boston, whom they had never seen before, and I drifted quite naturally into my new life. For the first week I slept about half the time. It was so quiet in the mornings up there, my room being too far away to hear the family noise, and if I woke it was so restful to think that I need not get up till I pleased, that I would just lie and doze and dream till I was thoroughly rested.

When I went down to breakfast, my daily paper always lay by my plate (Horace went to the postoffice early and got it for me), so I read that as I sipped my coffee and ate my breakfast, with Mary Ann waiting on me, handy and quiet. I ate my dinner and supper with the family, but everything was served with such nicety that it was appetizing; and only a woman who has had the care of all her meals for fifteen years knows what a relish it imparts to food not to know in the least what you are to have till you sit down at the table.

I gathered fir-balsam for pillows, made thistle balls and bouquets of white everlasting. I skeletonized leaves, pressed flowers and ferns, gathered cones lichens, evergreens, and gray moss, and did a great many happy, idle things.

In the evenings I read till I was sleepy, then I went to bed early, and after the first few nights, slept soundly until morning. So day after day passed, and I found myself really feeling better, and all without a particle of medicine.

After breakfast I used to lie in the hammock and read awhile, and when the dew was off, I would sometimes stroll away in the fields or woods gathering flowers, and sauntering as slowly and idly as I pleased. The open air proved a very good tonic for me, and I would have a fine appetite for dinner. After dinner I took a long nap on my bed. It used to seem at first as if I could never sleep enough, but towards the last of my stay, I felt so rested and well that I gave up my day-time naps. After the heat of the day had passed, Horace or Mary Ann would take the team and carry me to ride off through the spicy woods, or on to some breezy hill-top where the view was grand and inspiring. I never rode near the village, and never went in sight of home, nor did any of the family come to see me. But the knowledge that I could go home at any time in half an hour kept me easy and contented.

The last week of my stay I began to think of the fancy-work in the bottom of my trunk. I unearthed it, and found it really looked good to me, so I passed many pleasant hours that week sitting on the porch, putting fancy stitches into the crazy-quilt, and crocheting doylies. At my request Mrs. Smith sat with me when she was at liberty, and we had many pleasant visits together. I found time and strength that week to write many letters to long absent friends whom I had perforce neglected, and to play croquet with the young people; and I made up my mind I would play with the children when I got home. I would never so busy myself in work again.

Home never looked so good to me as it did when I came back to it, rested and refreshed. I felt equal to doing anything.

"I never saw the beat of it," said Aunt Drusilla. "You look like a new woman. Jest to think what a little way twelve dollars would go towards riggin' up an invalid for a journey, or carryin' 'em along, or how few doctor's bills it would pay, and then see what it has done for you by spendin' it sensibly. I s'pose some folks would call you 'mortal queer' for doin' it, but what of that? Dear-bought and far-fetched isn't always the best in the long run."

And I endorse Aunt Drusilla.—*The Housekeeper.*

The Eventful Career of an Infant.

A very small baby, who has had a very large experience crowded into his brief career, sailed for England recently from New York. He is the youngest child of Griffith Williams, who, with his wife and four little ones, is returning to their former home in Wales, after having lost everything but their lives in the Johnstown disaster. The baby was born surrounded by the horrors of that awful night, when the flood swept down the Conemaugh Valley. The little fellow, who has been appropriately named Moses, was born at 3 o'clock Saturday morning. His parents had hours before fled from their own house, driven by the rising water to seek another place of safety. They went to the house of a relative on Lincoln street. The flood overtook them. They were driven to the attic. Soon afterward the house was swept from its foundations and began an awful voyage down the surging torrent. When the railroad bridge was reached—that bridge where rose the funeral pyre of a multitude—the house was wrenched in halves, and the Williams family were divided from their friends, that part of the wreck upon which they were being forced by the pressure of back water up the creek, which flowed into the Conemaugh at this point, and there the baby was born. He was wrapped up in a piece of old shawl his mother wore. It was drenched with rain, but there wasn't a dry thread in the attic. They had no food. The children shivered and cried. The mother was almost dead. Between 6 and 7 o'clock the second evening help came. Mother and babe were lifted to a shutter and carried over the roofs of houses to a shelter on the hillside. The father is a sturdy man of perhaps thirty years of age. He was an employe at the Cambria Iron Works at Johnstown, where he settled when he came from Wales three years ago. The mother is a quiet little woman of modest demeanor, whose young face shows unmistakable traces of the fearful ordeal of that night upon the flooded Conemaugh. The older children, John, 6 years old, Davy, five years, and Howell, two years, are bright little fellows, but the baby, Moses, is the star of the group. He is hearty and rosy.

How to Keep a Razor Sharp.

We often have amateur shavers bring us their razors to be fixed up. Almost any man with a steady hand can shave himself, but not one in fifty can keep his razor in decent condition. The first reason is that amateurs wear all the temper out of their razors by excessive strapping, and the better the steel the easier it is affected in this way. The only remedy is to let it alone. Put away the razor that scrapes and cuts the skin and give it a good rest. Then use it again, and in all probability it will be in good shape.

Some of the modern shaving sets have as many razors as there are days in the week, and on the handle of each is engraved the name of a day. If the rotation is kept up very little sharpening is needed. I have known men talk of pet razors which they have used every day for ever so many years; if they would let these lie by for a while, they would find a welcome improvement. The second cause of the trouble is bearing on the razor while sharpening it. Never attempt to put on an edge before shaving. When you are through rub the blade a few times lightly on a plain leather strap, which need not cost above a quarter, and then put away. The old boiling water craze is exploded now, and professionals do just as good work with cold water as hot.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Russian Double Dinners.

The Russian eats on an average once every two hours. The climate and custom require such frequent meals, the digestion of which is aided by frequent draughts of vodki and tea. Vodki is the Russian whisky, made from potatoes and rye. It is fiery and colorless and is generally flavored with some extract like vanilla or orange. It is drunk from small cups that hold perhaps half a gill. Vodki and tea are the inseparable accompaniments of friendly as well as of business intercourse in the country of the Czar. Drunken men are rare. Russia and Sweden are the only countries in which the double dinner is the rule. When you go to the house of a Russian, be he a friend or a stranger, you are at once invited to a side-table, where salted meats, pickled eel, salted cucumbers and many other spicy and appetizing viands are urged upon you with an impressiveness that knows no refusal. This repast is washed down with frequent cups of vodki. That over, and when the visitor feels as if he has eaten enough for twenty-four hours, the host says: "And now for dinner." At the dinner-table the meal is served in courses, with wines grown in the Crimea and Bessarabia.—*Argonaut.*

Bananas in the Tropics.

Bananas in the tropics are eaten raw or with sugar and cream, or wine orange juice. Cooked when green or ripe they are fried alone or in butter, baked with the skins on or made into puddings or pies. They are made into a paste which is the staple food of many Mexican tribes.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Shoe-buckles came into England with the Restoration.

A Cincinnati judge has decided that ice cream is not a luxury but a necessity.

The College of Mexico has the reputation of being fifty years older than Harvard.

A man in New York has offered a prize of $200 for the best essay on the musquito.

Over one-half the inmates of jails and penitentiaries are under twenty eight years of age.

The richest Chinaman in Seattle, W. T., rejoices in the discouraging name of Bad Luckee.

Every German regiment now has a chiropodist. A soldier's foot is a simportant as his trigger finger.

The people of the United States use annually about seven postal cards for every man, woman and child.

In the last eleven years nearly 40,000 persons have lost their lives in British and Colonial trading and fishing vessels.

The Austrians tie the hands of the corpse and extract the finger-nails that the dead may not scratch his way out of the grave.

A lazy convict in the Salem, Oregon, prison recently chopped off his left hand with a hatchet in order to avoid being put to work.

John Hart, who drives a baker's wagon in Westchester, Penn., is a great grandson of the John Hart who signed the Declaration of Independence.

In Galway, Ireland, it is considered so unlucky to catch sight of a fox that fishermen will not put to sea if they notice one while going to their boats.

The Persian Shah's famous emerald is described as being too big for effect, being about the size of an ordinary watch, and exactly like a bit of green grass.

Melbourne, Australia, is to have a public clock, which will roll off a popular air every hour except during Sunday, when only sacred music will be played.

The museum at the Hague has just been presented with the tongue of John de Witt and the toe of Cornelius de Witt, the two Dutch statesmen, who were torn to pieces by a raging mob in 1672.

Paris has always led in the art of bookbinding since the time when Grolier, who was Treasurer to Francis I. for the Duchy of Milan, founded a library that for its beauty astonished the world.

It is believed that 10,000,000 of British sovereigns are hoarded in India, chiefly in the Bombay presidency, where the impression on them of St. George and the dragon appears to be valued on religious grounds.

Jordan Blair of Montrose, Penn., is a colored man possessed of remarkable courage. He was afflicted with gangrene in his leg and foot, and the doctors said he would die if they performed amputation. Blair thereupon cut his leg off with a jack-knife and is now limping along the road to recovery on a crutch.

To Extirpate Mosquitoes.

Mr. Robert H. Lamborn is a New York philanthropist, and he proposes to rid the world of the buzzing, biting mosquitoes. If his plans for exterminating the insect can be carried out successfully the residents of the tide-water sections of the eastern shore and of other localities should erect a monument to his genius. Baltimore, too, would be duly grateful. Mr. Lamborn's philanthropic scheme is to propagate dragon flies, which will prey upon mosquitoes as the hawk does upon sparrows. He looks at the problem in this way: If millions of healthy fish can be produced in a few laboratory boxes, if silk-worms can be propagated by scores of millions from eggs carried half around the world to Italy, and if foreign humble bees can be bred in Australasia to fertilize the red clover, then dragon flies can be artificially produced by millions, scattered over the country and set to their task of gobbling up the mosquitoes. Mr. Lamborn does not say whether the dragon flies would not become a pest like the English sparrows. Like these birds they might find more toothsome morsels than bony and lank mosquitoes, and human beings and animals might be the sufferers, as tender buds instead of caterpillars have suffered through the English sparrows. But Mr. Lamborn is not dabbling with possibilities. He is dealing with cold facts, and it is sufficient for him to know that the dragon fly dotes on mosquitoes. Mr. Lamborn is fond of outings, and one summer, while camping in the woods of Minnesota, he observed dragon flies gathering in scores to feed on the pestiferous insects which were buzzing around his ears. The flies possess voracious appetites, which mosquitoes in great abundance fail to satisfy, and in hustling after their meals they have been known to gobble a dozen or more house flies. Here would be another field of usefulness for them. Mr. Lamborn believes sincerely in his theory of exterminating mosquitoes, and has placed in the hands of Morris A. Jesup, President of the American Museum of Natural History of New York, the sum of $200 to be paid as prizes for essays on methods of producing dragon flies in sufficient quantities to swallow all the mosquitoes in the world.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Words are but wind bubbles.

Virtue embraces vice by pointing it out.

No one is deceived who depends upon himself.

There is no influence superior to the individual sense.

A man ceases to be wise when he begins to feel wise.

The growth of man depends upon his courage to go ahead.

The liberty of man depends upon his courage to defend it.

The man who is not ignorant is "just too sweet for anything."

A man is not real until he possesses the courage of his convictions.

The reason why people are so easily influenced is because they are tired.

The element of conceit in man will develop without the least cultivation.

Honest people are the respectable ones, regardless of their dress or manners.

The spirit nature of man is more active while it is surrounded with material.

If the social problem was settled there would be no food for society to exist upon.

Unhappy people are those who sell their birthright and embrace the shadow of popularity.

Squatter Bees.

Honey bees are invading dwellings both in town and out in the valley. The new swarms are determined to find homes. The bees have taken a great notion to the residence of Rufus Kinney, in Truckee Meadows. They have literally taken possession of Mr. Kinney's residence, transforming it into a vast apiary and compelling the family to vacate portions of the house. Every accessible part of the house is filled with bees; the walls are transformed into hives, and at least a dozen colonies have lodged themselves under the building. The chambers are alive with them, and the pugnacious little rascals dispute with the owners every part of the house from cellar to garret. And still from every quarter new swarms are daily coming. Some days as many as three or four different colonies arrive, and despite the fact that Mr. Kinney has already killed as many as twelve swarms this season, they are gaining rapidly on him, and he is now seriously contemplating the necessity of moving out and leaving the bees in full possession of the premises. Reports from other quarters show similar but not serious conditions. Dr. Dawson has been obliged to smoke out two swarms from a chimney. There is a swarm in the cornice of Frank Bell's house, also swarms in the houses of J. Jones, A. Lyman and many others in town.

Back Number Horses.

"Old Bill's best days are over, and he must be put in with the 'limpers,'" a superintendent of a street car line remarked as a bay horse whose ribs almost protruded through his skin limped from a car toward the stable. "This is the season when we dispose of our limpers," he continued. "In the early summer farmers come to the city to purchase worn-out car horses. I suppose there are at least 3000 horses in the different street railway stations in Philadelphia, and from 400 to 600 must be disposed of as useless every year. You would be surprised at some of the prices paid for these seemingly worthless animals. We sold five lame and emaciated horses yesterday for $40 apiece. After six months good feeding and light work on a farm the animals will be fat and brisk and might readily sell for $125. I have known cases where we have sold our animals as low as $20 a head, and in a year's time the purchasers have refused $150 for them.

Abuse of the Eye.

The abuse of the eye is the crime of the age. I am prepared to demonstrate that at least nine-tenths of the prevailing sleeplessness of which we hear so much is due to nervousness directly traceable to the optic nerve. We are wearing our eyes over books and desks and types, and the effect shows itself not only in the appearance of the organ itself, but in its retrospective effect on nerve and brain. I have discovered a remedy for sleeplessness, and for the reason that I have never known it to fail I am fortified in my opinion that the whole trouble arises from overstrain of the eyes. Take a small cloth—say a piece of napped towel—and fold in it two small pieces of ice at a proper distance apart to exactly cover the eyes when the cloth is laid across them. Then lie down, adjust the cloth with the ice over the closed eyes, and you will be asleep in a very short while.

A Lilliputian Wonder.

Lafayette Cornett, residing near Brownstown, Ind., is the happy father of the most interesting specimen of humanity on record. The babe when it was 16 days old weighed only one pound. A lady's finger ring can readily be passed over its hand and the full length of the arm to the shoulder, while a pint cup will cover its entire head, body and limbs. Mr. and Mrs. Cornett are both of good size and sound health, and have several children of full growth. The lilliputian wonder is lively and apparently in good health. The child is of the feminine gender.

The Shape of the Skull.

Is a man stupid, or brilliant or wise,
Surpassingly able or dull;
It all depends on his cranial bumps,
Depends on the shape of his skull;
And there are some things that some men cannot do,
Let them struggle and try till they're dead,
Unless they can build a big L on their brain
And alter the shape of their head.
Then do not attempt those impossible feats,
And struggle until you are gray,
On tasks for which you were never designed
For your skull isn't shaped the right way.

Shape the shape of your life by the shape of your skull;
Build your life to the mould of your brain;
Run your cars on the track that was built for your use,
Unless you would wreck the whole train.
A church is not used for a storehouse, a shed
Is not used for a home or hotel;
By the shape of the house, as by shape of the head,
Its various uses we tell.
Then don't try to fight against nature's design,
You'll find it hard work and small pay.
Don't squander your strength on impossible feats
When your skull isn't shaped the right way,

For the world is filled up with irrational men
Who struggle and try to attain
The cloud-bannered peaks of impossible heights,
Without the right bulge of the brain.
For the plastic skull of the man is shaped
By a fate that is greater than he,
And he must judge by the shape of his head
The trend of his destiny.
Then judge by the fit of your cranium case
Don't squander your powers, I pray,
In reaching for unattainable things
When your skull isn't shaped the right way.

—*S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.*

HUMOROUS.

Calling a halt—"Hi, there, you cripple!"

The road to ruin leads through the wicket gate.

Why had a poor singer better sing to an organ than a piano accompaniment? Because of the frequent stops.

Dairyman's Son—A mouse has fallen into the milk. His Mother—Did you take it out? Boy—No; I have thrown the cat in.

The man who is in the habit of trying to get to the bottom of things should beware of falling overboard in mid-ocean.

Teacher—Sammie, how many bones are there in the human body—your father's, for instance? Sammie—One; he's the ossified man at the museum.

Young Lady—"That parrot you sold me last week doesn't talk at all." Dealer—"Yes'm; you said you wanted one that wouldn't be a nuisance to the neighbors."

"Why are you so agitated?" inquired the glass of the palm leaf fan, which was in a great flutter. "Because I have reason to believe that you are about to get drunk."

A musician brought to despair by the poor playing of a lady in a room above his own meets her one day in the hall with her three-year-old child and says in a most friendly manner: "Your little one there plays quite well for her age! I hear her practice every day!"

The Value of Soapstone.

One of the valuable minerals of this country of which the output is largely increasing is talc or soapstone. It is used for dressing skins, leather gloves and similar purposes, but its greatest use is as an adulterant. For this it is peculiarly fitted on account of its lightness, being employed as a filler chiefly in the manufacture of soap paper and rubber, and to a certain extent as a lubricant with other substances. It is also used for making slate pencil, crayons, stoves, ovens, lime-kiln linings and hearths, and also, being acid proof, for sizing rollers in cotton factories. In Alabama it is used for headstones. The American aborigines used it for culinary articles, and the Chinese for the carving of their idols. Its lightness and its fibrous character admit of its almost entire incorporation (90 per cent.) with paper stock, while clay and other materials which it replaces are only available to the extent of thirty or forty per cent. It is known to commerce by such names as pulp, mineral pulp, agalite asbestine pulp and others of the same character.

Asleep on the Track.

A weary tramp crawled under a flat car at Tenth and Broadway, on a recent night, and laid down to rest. Taking one of the rails for a pillow, and resting his feet on the opposite one, he was soon sound asleep. By the merest accident a man passed that way, and seeing the imminent danger the man was in notified a policeman. The latter started to the place, but before he could get there a heavy freight train backed in to pick up the flat car, which afforded the tramp a temporary shelter.

The policeman called to the engineer to stop the engine, which was done, but one of the wheels of the flat car was found resting against the tramp's neck, who was still sleeping as soundly as if he was a mile away from danger. He was pulled out and asked his name, but, with a grunt, he shuffled away and was lost in the darkness.

A Stumbling Block.

Rev. Primrose—"Your mother doesn't seem as fond of you as she might be."

Little Johnnie—"No, sir. She says if it hadn't been for me she'd have had sister married years ago."—*Harper's Bazar.*